

THE Princess Virginia

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Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "The
Mystery in Search of a Father," Etc.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

It was for refuge that the princess fled to her own room.

A boudoir shared by the grand duchess and joined it, and entering there to her always the girl saw her mother lying on a sofa, attended by Ernestine, the French maid.

Virginia's heart sank. She had supposed the grand duchess to be in the white drawing room with the baroness and the other guests of the house. Now there was no hope that she might be left alone and unquestioned. And the girl had longed to be alone.

"At last!" exclaimed a faint voice from the sofa. "I thought you would never come."

The princess stared, half dazed, unable to tear her mind from her private guest. "Are you ill, mother?" she murmured. "Had you sent for me?"

"I came very near fainting in the drawing room," the grand duchess answered. "Ernestine, you may leave us now."

The Frenchwoman went out noiselessly.

Still Virginia did not speak. Could it be that there had been another spy besides Egon von Breitenstein and that her mother already knew how the castle of cards had fallen? Was it the news of defeat which had prostrated her?

"Have you—did any one tell you?" the girl faltered.

"I've had a telegram—a horrible telegram. Oh, Virginia, I am not young, as you are! I am too old to endure all this. I think you should not have subjected me to it."

The grand duchess' voice was plaintive and pried among the girl's sick nerves like hot wire.

"What do you mean, dear? I do not understand," she said dully. "I'm so sorry you are ill. If it's my fault in any way!"

Her mother pointed toward a writing table. "The telegram is there," she murmured. "It is too distressing—too humiliating."

Virginia picked up a crumpled telegraph form and began to read the message, which was dated London and written in English:

Some one making inquiries here about the Mowbrays. Beg to advise you to explain all at once or leave Kronburg to avoid almost certain complications.

LAMBERT.

Lady Lambert was the wife of the ambassador to the court of Rhaetia from Great Britain.

The princess finished in silence.

"It's it hideous!" asked the grand duchess. "To think that you and I should have deliberately placed ourselves in such a position! We are to run away, like detected adventuresses, unless you are now ready to tell the emperor all."

"No!" said Virginia hopelessly.

"What! Not yet? Oh, my dear, then you must bring matters to a crisis—immediately—tonight even. It's evident that some enemy perhaps some jealous person, has been at work behind our backs. It is for you to turn the tables upon him, and there isn't an hour to waste. From the first you meant to make some dramatic revelation. Now the time has come."

"Ah, I meant—!" echoed Virginia, with a sob breaking the ice in her voice. "Nothing has turned out as I meant. You were right, dear; I was wrong. We ought never to have come to Rhaetia."

The grand duchess grew paler than before. She had been vaguely distressed. Now she was sharply alarmed. If Virginia admitted that this great adventure should never have been undertaken, then indeed the earth must be quaking under their feet.

"Ought not—to have come?" she repeated piteously. "What dreadful thing has happened?"

The princess stood with bent head. "It's hard to tell," she said, "harder almost than anything I ever had to do. But it must be done. Everything's at an end, dear."

"What—you've told him, and he has refused to forgive?"

"He knows nothing."

"For heaven's sake, don't keep me in suspense!"

Virginia's lips were dry. "He asked me to be his wife," she said. "Oh, wait—wait! Don't look happy. You don't understand, and I didn't at first. He had to explain, and he put the thing as little offensively as he could. Oh, mother, he thinks me only good enough to be his morganatic wife!"

The storm had burst at last, and the princess fell on her knees by the sofa, where, burying her face in her mother's lap, she sobbed as if pining with her youth.

There had always been mental and temperamental barriers between the Dresden china lady and her daughter, but they loved each other, and never had the girl been so dear to her mother as now. The grand duchess thought of the summer day when Virginia had knelt beside her, saying, "We are going to have an adventure, you and I."

At last the adventure was over, and the princess was dead! Tears streamed in the mother's eyes. Poor little Virginia, so young, so inexperienced and, in spite of her self will and weakness, so sweet and loving withal!

"But, dear, you are making the worst of things," the grand duchess said soothingly, her hand on the girl's bright hair. "Why, instead of crying you ought to be smiling. I think, Leopold must love you desperately or he would never have proposed marriage, even morganatic marriage. Just at first the idea must have shocked you, knowing who you are. But, remember, if you were Miss Mowbray it would have been a triumph. Many women of high position have married royalty morganatically, and every one has respected them. You seem to forget that the emperor knows you only as Helen Mowbray."

"He ought to have known that Helen Mowbray was not the girl to consent to, not more easily than Virginia of Baumburg-Drippe. He should have understood without telling that to a girl with Anglo-Saxon blood in her veins such an offer would be like a blow over the heart."

"How should he understand it? He's Rhaetian. His point of view?"

"His point of view to me is terrible. In mother, it's useless to argue! Everything is spoiled. Of course if he knew I was Princess Virginia he would be sorry for what he had proposed, even if he thought I'd brought it on myself. But then it would be too late. Don't you understand? I valued his love because it was given to me, not the princess. If he said, 'Now I know you I can offer my right hand instead of my left to you as my wife,' that would not be the same thing at all. No, there's nothing left but to go home, and the emperor of Rhaetia must be told that Virginia of Baumburg-Drippe has decided not to marry. That will be our one revenge, but a pitiful one, since he'll never know that the princess who refuses his right hand and the Helen Mowbray who wouldn't take his left are one and the same. Oh, mother, I did love him so! Let us get out of this hateful house as soon as we can."

The grand duchess knew her daughter and abandoned hope. "Yes, if you will not forgive him we must go at once and save our dignity if we can," she said. "The telegram will give us our excuse. I told the baroness I had received bad news, and she asked permission to knock at my door before going to bed and inquire how I was feeling. She may come at any moment. We must say that the telegram recalls us immediately to England."

"Listen!" whispered Virginia. "I think there's some one at the door now."

Baroness von Lyndal stood aghast on hearing that she was to be deserted early in the morning by the bright particular star of her house party—after the emperor. She begged that lady Mowbray would reconsider; that she would wire to England instead of going, or, at all events, that she would wait for one day more until Leopold's visit to Schloss Lyndalberg should be over.

In her anxiety she even failed in fact when she found arguments useless. "But the emperor?" she objected. "If you go off early in the morning before he or any one comes down, what will he think? What will he say at being cheated out of his au revoir?"

The grand duchess hesitated. But Virginia answered firmly: "I said good-bye to him tonight. The emperor—will understand."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

BREAKFAST at Schloss Lyndalberg was an informal meal under the reign of Mechtild. Those who were sociably inclined appeared.

Those who loved not their species until the day was older ate in their rooms.

Leopold had shown himself at the table each morning, however, and set the fashion. And the day after the parting in the garden he was earlier even than usual. It was easy to be early, as he had not been to bed that night, but he had an extra incentive. He could scarcely wait to see how Helen Mowbray would meet him—whether she would still be cold or whether sound advice from her mother would have made her kind.

This was his last day at Lyndalberg. By his special request no programme of entertainment had been arranged, and before coming down to breakfast Leopold had been turning over in his mind plan after plan for another chance of meeting the girl alone. He had even written a letter, but had torn it up because he was unable to say on paper what was really in his heart.

Breakfast passed, however, and when she did not appear Leopold grew restless. He did not ask for her before the others, but when he and the baroness had strolled out together on the terrace, where white pinks spread their jeweled tails, the emperor sought

some opportunity of bringing in the name that filled his thoughts.

"I see the red October lilies are opening," he said. "Miss Mowbray will be interested. She tells me there's nothing like them in England."

"Ah, she has gone just too soon!" sighed the baroness.

The emperor glanced quickly from the mass of crimson flowers to his hostess' face. "Gone?" he repeated.

"Yes," the baroness answered. "They must have reached Kronburg before this. You know, they left their companion there. Perhaps your majesty did not realize that they were leaving here quite so early?"

He turned so white under the brown tan the mountains had given that the baroness was alarmed. She had taken Virginia's words as Virginia had meant her to take them and therefore supposed that a formal farewell of some sort had been spoken. This impression did not prevent her from guessing that there must have been a misunderstanding, and she was tugging with a lively curiosity which she was obliged carefully to hide.

The romance which had been enacted under her eyes she believed to be largely of her own making, and, not being a bad hearted woman, she had grown fond of Virginia. She had even had pangs of conscience, and, though she did not see the way for a happy ending to the pretty drama, it distressed her that the curtain should go down on sadness.

"I did not know they were going at all," Leopold answered frankly, willing to sacrifice his pride for the sake of coming quickly at the truth.

"Oh," exclaimed the baroness, "I am distressed! Miss Mowbray distinctly said when I begged that they would wait. The emperor will understand."

"I do understand—now I know they have gone," he admitted. "But Miss Mowbray thinks she has some cause of complaint against me, and she's mistaken. I can't let such a mistake go uncorrected. You say they must be at Kronburg before this. Are they staying on there?"

"I'm afraid not, your majesty. They leave Kronburg for England today by the Orient express."

"Do you happen to remember at what hour the train starts?"

"I believe at 12."

Leopold pulled out his watch. It was twenty minutes past 11. Forty times sixty seconds and the girl would be gone!

The blood rushed to his face. Barring accidents, he could catch her if he ordered his motor car and left at once. But to cut short his visit at Schloss Lyndalberg would be virtually to take the world into his secret. Let him allege important state business at the capital if he chose, gossip would still say that the girl had fled; that he had pursued her. The baroness knew already. Others would chatter as if they knew. That was inevitable—if he went.

A month ago, when yielding to inclination meant humbling his pride as emperor and man, such a question could have answered itself. Now it answered itself also, the only difference being that the answer was exact opposite to what it would have been month earlier.

"Baroness, forgive me," he said quickly. "I must go. I can't explain."

"You need not try," she answered softly.

"Thank you a hundred times. Make everything as straight for me as you can. Say what you will. I give you carte blanche, for we're old friends, and I trust you."

"It's for me to thank your majesty. You want your motor car?"

"Yes."

"If telephone. Your chauffeur will have it here in six minutes. And your bid-de-camp. Will you?"

"I don't want him, thanks. I'd rather go alone."

Seven minutes later the big white motor car was at the door which was the private entrance to the emperor's suite, and the emperor was waiting for it, having forgotten all about the sable lined coat which had been a present from the czar. If it had been midwinter he would have forgotten, just the same, nor would he have known that it was cold.

To be continued.

Magic Lantern!

For the Boy or Girl.

Any boy or girl who will secure EIGHT NEW SUBSCRIBERS for The Kansas City Weekly Journal at 25 cents each, making a total of Two Dollars, and send the full amount, together with the names to us, we will mail to his or her address a beautiful MAGIC LANTERN WITH 50 VIEWS.

Any boy or girl can use it. Just stretch a white sheet on the wall and you can have all kinds of fun. Full directions for use is sent with the lantern.

Any boy or girl can secure eight new subscribers in a short time and get this Beautiful Magic Lantern.

Send for samples for canvassing.

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Address,
The Kansas City Journal,
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Sleep

Sleep is nature's rebuilding period, when the energy used by the brain, muscles and organs is renewed. If you lose sleep, your system is robbed of the strength sleep should give. Continued loss of sleep multiplies this loss until you become a physical wreck. Dr. Miles' Nervine quiets the irritated nerves and brings refreshing, invigorating sleep. Nervine contains no opiates, and therefore leaves no bad after-effects.

For over two years I suffered untold agonies; my friends thought I was going crazy. I could not sleep nor rest at all. I tried different doctors, but failed to find relief. My head would ache all the time; I was like one drunk; could not concentrate my mind, and was so restless and worried that sleep was out of the question. After taking one bottle of Dr. Miles' Nervine I felt wonderfully changed. I am now on my third bottle and am gaining all the time. I can lie down and sleep like a child, and am able to do my work."

MRS. MAY SCOTT, English, Ind.

Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Nervine, and we authorize him to return price of first bottle (only) if it fails to benefit you.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

County News

From Our Exchanges

MIAMI

William A. Huyett was born near Shepherdstown, West Virginia March 24, 1855, and died at the home of his brother, R. M. Huyett, at Miami, Mo., July 30, 1908, at 12.30 o'clock, a. m. having reached the age of 54 years, 4 months and 6 days.

After coming to Missouri, Mr. Huyett married Miss Mayfield, of Cooper county. He conducted a general merchandise business in Miami for a number of years then lived at Pleasant Green, Cooper county, until the death of his wife which occurred about six years ago. He then returned to Miami where he has since made his home.

He has been afflicted with the dread disease, locomotor ataxia, and succumbed to its unconquerable mastery.

Mr. Huyett leaves two sons, Robert and Nolan, of Pleasant Green. Two brothers and three sisters survive. They are R. M. Huyett, Mrs. A. A. Wheeler, and Mrs. S. O. Grady, of Miami, and Samuel and Rachel Huyett, of West Virginia.

Funeral services were conducted at the home by Rev. W. H. Heslar, at 3.30 o'clock, Thursday, and the remains were taken to the bluff graveyard for burial.

—Miami News.

Don Mullins the 14-year-old son of Joe Mullins, met with a serious accident Thursday evening of last week which resulted in the breaking of an arm. He fell from a swing and broke both bones of the forearm. The same arm had been broken about five years ago.—Miami News.

A party of Miami fishermen consisting of P. D. Campbell, J. F. Webster, W. H. Wheeler, A. A. Wheeler, J. H. Hooper, and G. W. Carpenter took passage in Mr. Campbell's launch, "Maxey" Tuesday for the railroad bridge on the Wakenda where they spent the day very pleasantly in fishing. The fish took the bait readily enough and the party caught more than a hundred fish.

On the return home that evening, Mr. W. H. Wheeler met with an experience which he will not soon forget. In passing a snag at the mouth of Wakenda shoot, the swift current swung the stern of the launch under the snag and Mr. Wheeler was knocked out of the launch into about 80 feet of water. When he rose he came in contact with a sunken snag and succeeded in getting an arm over it and by strenuous effort supported himself until the launch could be brought around and back to him. He was in the water several minutes and was almost exhausted when rescued.

The nervous shock was quite severe and Mr. Wheeler suffered from it all night.

He may congratulate himself that he escaped a watery grave.

BLACKBURN

Dr. Ringen, of Sweet Springs, and John Jones, of Glenstate, Mo who have been the guests of the families of George and Henry Brunkhorst, have returned home.

—Mrs. Joe N. Breitenstein and baby accompanied by her sister, Miss Beale Duvall, returned from Marshall Monday afternoon.

Miss Fulton and Archie Webb who had been the guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. Fred Luter, returned to their homes at Warrensburg Thursday afternoon.

—Mrs. M. A. Lewis and daughters, Misses Fay and Elva, of New Albany, Ind., who stopped here for a ten days' visit with the family of Joseph Cable, departed for Colorado Monday afternoon.—Blackburn Record.

SLATER

D. D. Davidson and family of Clay township returned last Monday from a years visit to the state of Washington. Mr. Davidson was well pleased with that country but concluded that he would return to his former home. His many friends are glad that he has decided to do so.—Kirtley Garnett was called to Kansas City last Tuesday morning to see his father who was not so well at that time, and on account of the hot weather has been moved from the hospital at Kansas City to Independence, Mo.—Walter McLain who many years ago was a hardware merchant in Slater, died in Kansas City last week of consumption. He was a son-in-law of the late A. C. Teter. J. A. Teter, of this place was notified of his death and attended the funeral.—Slater Rustler.

GILLIAM

J. T. Moss was called to Louisiana, Mo., this week on account of the death of his mother. Yesterday was a scorching warm day, but Dr. S. R. King came down from Slater and was as big boy as any of the baseball players.—Gilliam Globe.

HO STONIA

Mrs. W. H. Hull, aged 38 years died of pneumonia, Monday morning at her home at Carlsbad, N. M., and the remains were laid to rest in the cemetery at that place. She is survived by her husband and one daughter. Deceased, before her marriage, was Miss Lottie Brown of near Houstonia, and is a niece of D. S. and H. C. Brown of Houstonia, who received the intelligence of her death Monday noon. We extend sympathy.—Houstonian.

Thinks t Saved His Life.

Lester M. Nelson, of Naples, Maine, says in a recent letter: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for many years for coughs and colds, and I think it saved my life. I have found it a reliable remedy for throat and lung complaints, and would not be without a bottle than I would be without food." For nearly forty years New Discovery has stood at the head of throat and lung remedies. As a preventive of pneumonia, and healer of weak lungs it has no equal. Sold under guarantee at all druggists. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

First Insertion July 17.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, William Hales and Laura E. Hales, his wife, by their certain deed of trust dated August 20th, 1906, and filed for record August 20th, 1906, and recorded in Book 134, page 477, Recorder's office, Saline County, Missouri, conveyed to the undersigned Trustee the following described real estate situated in Saline County, Missouri, to-wit: The South (50) acres of the West half of the North East quarter and the South (50) acres of the East half of the North West quarter, all in Section Twenty seven (27), Township Forty nine (49), Range Twenty one (21), containing 100 acres, more or less.

Which said conveyance was made to secure the payment of a certain promissory note payable in annual installments, and interest, as therein described, it being stipulated in said deed of trust that in case default be made in the payment of any of the annual installments on said note when due, or in the payment of the interest annually on said note, all of the principal shall thereupon become due for the purpose of said deed of trust, and a sale may be had thereunder to pay all;

And whereas, default has been made in the payment of the first annual installment on said note and in the payment of the interest annually on said note, and the holder of said note has declared the same due and payable;

Now therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said note, and by virtue of the power vested in me by said deed of trust, I will on

Saturday, August 8th, 1908, between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M. and 5 o'clock P. M. of that day, at the North main door of the Court House in the City of Marshall, Saline County, Missouri, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the above described premises, to pay the said note and interest, and costs of execution of said deed of trust.

These Bad Pains

which give you such exquisite suffering, every month, are caused, as you know, by female trouble. Relief seldom or never comes of itself. It is necessary to cure the cause, in order to stop the pains, and this can only be done if you will take a specific, female remedy, that acts directly on the womanly organs.

WINE OF CARDUI

WOMAN'S RELIEF

"Cardui did wonders for me," writes Mrs. H. C. Lewis, of Ohio. "I had displacement, which increased my suffering, the doctor could only relieve me at times. Now, I am so much better, I hardly know when my time begins or when it ends."

At All Druggists

WRITE FOR FREE ADVICE, stating age and describing symptoms to Ladies Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. E 23

Press Clippings.

Lippincott's Magazine: Old Uncle Abner, an ex-slave, was very ill, and the daughter of his former master had called to bring him delicacies and to offer consolation. "I hope, Uncle Abner," she said sympathetically, "that you are thoroughly acquainted with the goodness of the Lord." "Of course I is chile," the old negro replied. "Why honey, I've been converted 'bout 14 times."

A story is going the rounds of a couple of young people who attended church recently. When the collection was being taken up the young man commenced fishing in his pocket for a dime. His face expressed his embarrassment as he hoarsely whispered, "I guess I haven't a cent. I changed my pants." The young lady who had been examining the unknown regions of a woman's dress for a purse turned pink and said, "I'm in the same fix."

Maryville Republican: The quicker a young man learns to be polite and to do his duty at all times the better it will be for him. The man who does his is the man the world is looking for. He is not afraid of working over time, he is not a clock-watcher, and he has a sincere interest in his employer's success. Some people do not see why they do not progress more. If they would do a little analytical studying of their own actions, and keep their eyes open to see why others succeed, they would learn why it is.

A country clergyman on his round of visits interviewed a youngster as to his acquaintance with Bible stories. "My lad," he said, "you have, of course heard of the parables?"

"Yes, sir," shyly answered the boy, whose mother had inducted him in sacred history. "Yes, sir."

"Good!" said the clergyman. "Now, which of them do you like the best of all?"

The boy squirmed, but at last, heeding his mother's frowns, he replied: "I like that one where somebody loafs and fishes."

In the midst of the Sunday school lesson Mildred interrupted with the startling assertion "I've seen God." "You have my dear?" the teacher replied, "and when was that?" "Last week; and God sells clams. When he came to our house, mamma went to the door and she said, 'My Lord! I don't want any more clams today.'—Ex.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve Wins.

Tom Moore, of Rural Route 1, Cochran, Ga., writes: "I had a bad sore come on the instep of my foot and could find nothing that would heal it until I applied Bucklin's Arnica Salve. Less than half of a 25 cent box won the day for me by affording a permanent cure." Sold under guarantee.